Volume LXXVI CHICAGO, OCTOBER 14, 1915 Number 7

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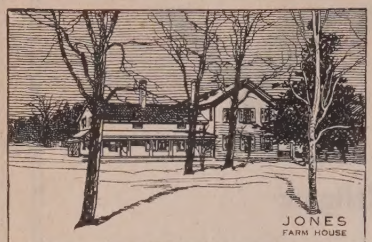
UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO



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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1915. NUMBER 7

THE LORD WILL COME

The Lord will come, and not be slow:
His footsteps cannot err.
Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And justice from her heavenly bower
Look down on mortal men.

Rise, Lord, Judge thou the earth in might,
This longing earth redress!
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done:
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone!

—*John Milton.*

England has a "Women's War Economy League" which is agitating the cutting down of the importations that "are not necessaries of life." This obviously is an emergency provision, one of the beneficent by-products of the war, like the far-reaching battle against stimulants in all the countries involved. We move that the Society be made international and be placed on a permanent foundation.

Chicago University is to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary in 1916. During this time its faculty has grown from 100 to 400; from 1,742 students to 7,781; from 25 acres of land to 165 acres; from 4 buildings to 40; from gifts of less than $1,000,000 the first year to nearly $38,000,000 at the present time; 7,000 degrees have been issued and 50,000 students have been matriculated. Surely, some virtue has poured itself into Chicago through this channel from the outside world and may we confidently believe that this virtue has been handed back to the world with interest.

George Wharton Pepper, LL. D., a Philadelphia lawyer, has been giving the course of "Yale Lectures on Preaching" this year. The lectures are soon to be published under the title, "The Voice from the Crowd." He has been telling "What the Man in the Pew Expects from the Man in the Pulpit." Doubtless a very important subject and the preachers should anxiously await the coming of the volume. The man in the pulpit of today finds his great problem to be how to get a man in the pew under any condition, ready to receive any kind of a message. The man in the pulpit has at least a right to be judged by a man who has tried the pew. It is to be hoped that Dr. Pepper has been sampling his subject.

The Peace Advocate for October rejoices over "The Greatest Victory of War," which was not won on any battlefield, though "there have been great battles, some of them more deadly than Waterloo, more important than Pultowa."

> But without the rattle of any sword, with no cry of mobilization, with no threat nor hint of force, armed only with words and facts, the cold steel of unbending logic and the armor of law and moral ideals, Woodrow Wilson went forth to combat, a combat typical some glad day of all combats, the combat of mind against mind.
>
> * * * * *
>
> It was a victory for the United States, a very brilliant victory, giving to this country a new prestige among the nations, and assuring to our President a high place on the pages of history. It was a victory of the better Germany over the worse. It was a victory of right over might, of justice over lawlessness, of peace over war. It was a victory of civilization, humanity, of the God of nations. For these reasons it is the greatest victory of the war.

This is the case as it looks to the *Army and Navy Journal*:

> If there ever was a truculent, noisy, obstreperous member of any community, it is the peace faddist, whether called pacifist or peace quack. He is always pushing forward his opinions, whether they have any practical relation to the subject in hand or not. He is essentially and always pestiferous and cantankerous.

We do not know who the militant editor has in mind. We would be interested in a list of these "faddists" that so distress this champion of swords and buttons. Perhaps his "cantankerous" line might be matched by a line of nervous jingoes who are afraid to go to bed in an "unprotected" nation. The Army and Navy League champions who are trying to scare the United States out of its democracy and to frighten it into the wasteful extravagance of monarchical Europe in preparing for a war that sure enough did come to Europe and will come to us, if we follow the cowardly line of those who distrust moral forces and admit that among nations brawn and not brain must dominate, and brute force and not human wit and wisdom, must arbitrate. When our contemporary compiles his list we suspect UNITY, if noted at all, will be honored with a place among the "obstreperous." We accept the honor. We plead guilty to the soft impeachment.

Isaac Fisher, editor of the *Negro Farmer,* published at Tuskeegee, Ala., and noted essayist who has won many prizes in high study competitions, has scored another success through the Southern Motion Picture Company by staging a photo play that represents the negro race on its upper side. The story is said to be full of thrills and wholesome excitements, shot through with love and adventure, of course, but lifting the negro out of the absurd caricature and often times vulgar role to which he is continually degraded on the stage. The play has been accepted by a southern white corporation and is now being sent to motion picture theaters that cater to the negro trade throughout the South. It has used some of the better residences, churches and playgrounds in Birmingham, Ala., for scenery and has drawn packed houses in this city and in Montgomery. We trust that "When True Love Wins" is the forerunner of a new school and lot for the colored race. The manager of the Southern Motion Picture Company, in an interview published in a Norfolk, Virginia, paper, says:

> I was proud of the reception accorded our play, but it only verifies our belief in the race pride of the colored people. I have long since been convinced that the better class of the colored people would soon get tired of always seeing their race shown on the screen either in a scrap or in a crap game, and it was for this reason that we asked Mr. Fisher to write this play in which the better side of the race could be presented. You can say from us that we are going to put this play in nine hundred or more houses catering to colored people, and if the colored people decide that they prefer these high class plays to the common stuff now shown, we shall be pleased to present them, and they will be good ones, too. So far the experience has proven very satisfactory to us.

With characteristic liberality Jacob H. Schiff, the great Jewish capitalist of New York, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in America on October 5th by giving to Barnard College, the Women's College which is now a constituent part of Columbia University, the sum of $500,000 for the erection of a "Students' Hall." This is one way at least by which wealth can justify itself, and if necessary partly atone for whatever cruelty and injustice may be involved in the accumulation. The ramifications of money making are so subtle, obscure and varied that the moralist from the outside may not be able to trace them and his conclusions are subject to suspicion; but there is less room for hesitance on the part of the moralist when it comes to the use of wealth once acquired. "How did you get it?" presents a difficult, perhaps an obscure question, but "What are you going to do with it now that you have it?" is a clear question. Wealth does not justify physical indulgence, social pretension, personal or family extravagance. Wealth does not justify the conceit that lurks behind the "I made it, consequently it is mine and I can do as I please with it!" The most honest fortune ever acquired has in it a large element of non-personal worth. It is the result of social forces and natural bounty over which the would-be proprietor has had but relatively a small control. Every wealthy man is trustee of a bounty over which he has acquired control, but his title to the same is always clouded. This plus to his own earnings and merit in a wealthy man's fortune and he is called upon to administer it for the benefit of that non-personal partner in the transaction, the public, the state, the humanity and the infinite bounty that lent him ungrudging and unmeasured co-operation.

The Open Air Smile is the name of an attractive little monthly published in the interest of tubercular children who are being so wisely provided for in several of the public schools in Chicago. The Franklin School has a Fresh Air Alumni Association which claims to be the first of its kind. It starts out with twelve charter members. It reports that down in Springfield, Illinois, "the town where Abraham Lincoln lived," they have an open air colony who have called themselves the I. W. W's. Not the big I. W. W. of which so much has been printed, but an "I. W. W." for the little ones started by a little girl from Chicago, who on entering the colony placed a placard on her table bearing the letters "I. W. W." These letters as interpreted in the *Smile* mean, first, "I Won't Work," for rest out of doors is the first great demand; next, "I Won't Worry," for there is no use of resting if you fret; then, "I Will Wait," if the cure comes slowly. Of course it must be "I Won't Weep," for the *Open Air Smile* must take the place of tears. Finally, the mystic letters mean "I Will Win," for if you are faithful to the lower degrees in this Order, in all probability you will be ready to take this last high degree. Ten or more different schools are reported by the pupils themselves in the October number of this paper, and it makes good reading for the old folks. Of course, like all well edited newspapers, it has its poetry corner. The following is good enough to quote in UNITY:

> "'Twas only a sunny smile,
> And little it cost in the giving,
> But it banished the night like morning light
> And made the day worth living.
> Through life's dull warp a woof it wove,
> In shining colors of hope and love;
> And the angels smiled as they watched above,
> Yet little it cost in the giving."

Education in Japan is the title of an attractively printed pamphlet of 190 pages issued by the Department of Education of Japan for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Taken in connection with the diagram of books, pictures, etc., it must offer a peculiarly attractive field for intensive study on the part of the expert pedagogue, and we commend this pamphlet, even when disconnected from the exhibit, to all friends of education. The report is divided into ten parts, including Primary, Secondary and the Higher Educa-

tion. Technical, Female and Art Education are treated under special heads. Part nine is given to the education of the Blind and Dumb, and part ten to Libraries, Museums, Educational Societies, etc. The diagrams indicating the topics and number of hours a week in the various schools are very instructive. We find that in the course of instruction for the ordinary elementary schools running through six school years, two hours per week are set aside throughout the entire course for the study of the "Principles of Morality" in the higher elementary; for two years more, two hours a week are given to further study of the "Principles of Morality." Solo singing, sewing, Cutting and Mending of common garments, Easy Workmanship and Drawing, Outlines of Japanese History and Outlines of World's Geography are the titles of some of the courses. The number of school hours per week in no case is allowed to exceed thirty hours or less than eighteen in lower schools. The number of holidays in elementary schools must not exceed ninety days per annum exclusive of Sundays. Sundays and the national holidays are observed, the most important anniversaries being the accession of the Emperor and the Imperial Birth and New Year's Day. On these days, the report says, "the whole school is assembled for a ceremony which is solemnly gone through that the national spirit may be sustained and pure feelings of loyalty may thereby be strengthened." The United States has done much for Japan, as the Japanese will gladly acknowledge. Perhaps Japan has something to give in return even in the realm of education and morals. And all of this is the result of the higher patriotism and the prophetic internationalism practiced by Commodore Perry, who first entered Japanese ports in 1853, hoisted the flag and took it down again. He entered without firing a gun and left no soldiers behind him.

A Chicago Clap of Thunder

A clap of thunder from a cloudless sky is a phenomenon that always is startling; but it is always a meteorological fact of large scientific significance. There was a cause and there will be a result from such thunder.

Mayor Thompson's announcement on Monday, October 4th, that the long dormant law on the statute book of Illinois demanding the closing of all saloons on Sunday would be enforced, was a social phenomenon only poorly described by a "clap of thunder from a clear sky." Immediately after the announcement, backed up by adequate police instruction, the Mayor with a junketing party of aldermen and others, started for San Francisco to take part in the Chicago Day celebration at the Panama Exposition, and he is still absent at the present writing.

A second clap of thunder broke the serenity of Chicago and the complacency of the social mind when the whole saloon constituency, numbering 7,152, with the retinue of brewers and distillers, wholesalers and peddlers back of them, obeyed the Mayor's edict. He gave out the word that the order was to be respected, and the officers of the "United Societies," which represents the liquor interests, highly organized for defensive and offensive purposes, seemed to be as anxious to enforce the order as the police were. The sequel shows that for once, at least, the saloon keepers were anxious to "obey the law."

The *Chicago Herald,* in its last Monday morning issue, thus sums up the consequences of Mayor Thompson's thunder clap:

> Total number of saloons in Chicago 7152.
> Only six saloons being found open on Sunday.
> Only twenty-eight violating the closing hours.
> Only twenty-one technical violators found.
> Only one saloon-keeper found treating luncheon guests.
> Number of "drunks" arrested on last Sunday sixteen.

Saturday was Procession Day of the Temperance forces, and it showed only forty-seven arrests for drunkeness, making fifty-three arrests in all for the two days. Usual number of arrests on the same two days, two-hundred and forty-three. Usual number of suicides on Sunday two to three, last Sunday none. There were no murders. Average number of murders per month twenty. Every down-town theatre and "Movie" show were packed. Church attendance considerably increased. Cafes almost deserted.

The *Chicago Tribune* found a saloonkeeper in the Loop who estimated that saloonkeepers in Chicago lost more than $400,000 on account of the Sunday closing. The average Sunday income of the saloons he placed at $60. Multiplying this by seven thousand losers and we have a total of $420,000. The electric light and gas companies, it was estimated, lost $1 a saloon, which makes $7,000. Eighteen hundred bar tenders and porters lost a day's salary, $2 per day, making $36,000. These last two items of course were saved by the saloonkeepers and are to be deducted from the above loss. The saloonkeeper estimated that the brewers and retail liquor stores did not lose much because the money usually spent over the Sunday bar was expended in bottled and keg goods on Saturday.

Working out this sum in arithmetic into its moral equivalent, it is quite evident that a very large amount of the $400,000 lost by the saloonkeepers must have remained in the pockets of the patrons of the saloons, which according to their own claims and boasts is largely made up of working people living from hand to mouth on laboring men's wages. It is safe to say that much of this money remained in the family treasury. The fund for children's shoes, wife's dresses, the Sunday board, the school needs of children profited by this saving.

What is to be the result of this spiritual storm remains to be seen. What the motives are which led to the Mayor's order is a matter of conjecture. That there was politics in it is scarcely to be doubted; that

the Mayor gave an ante-election pledge to the "Wets" that he would not interfere, is also clear; that the Mayor's oath of office committed him to the step taken is also clear. Of the several hundred judges in Chicago, not one could be found who would issue an injunction staying the order, because, as one judge put it, "Every judge in Chicago knows that the law is plain. The step taken by the Mayor was in the line of his duty."

Of course there will be protests. This law that has lain dormant so long on the statute books of that part of Illinois represented by Chicago, is to be tried out in the courts and to be submitted to the revision of legislators. There is no doubt but that there will be reactions. The saloon doors may be opened again on Sunday, but the "lid" will never be lifted as wide open as it has been. The forces that broke into a thunder clap came from far away. Something has been happening throughout the world in relation to the sale of liquors.

Of course the friends of the saloon are ringing the changes on "personal liberty," the "rights of the indiidual" even if he chooses to debauch himself. This personal liberty cause finds its most effective organization in the many German societies, and this is as it should be. Germany's great contribution to modern civilization is the emphasis on the sacred rights of the individual. It is the child of German thought, the growth of the German ideal. But it is also to be remembered that Germany is the favorable soil for socialism, the social pact comes in to modify and qualify the rights of the individual, and Germany's art resents the vulgarity of the American saloon. German music is not at home in the tippling houses from which women and children are excluded for decency sake. The Blue Laws of New England were the products of a theocratic theory of government. They were children of bigotry enacted in the interest of heaven to save men from a future Hell.

The Sunday Closing Law that has so long lain dormant in Chicago is the child of democracy, not of theocracy. It is in the interest of man, not of God, of the Republic of the toiler, the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Our Sunday observance laws have no connection with the Sabbath Day whose credentials are founded on the Genesis story of creation, but it is directly related to the Day of Rest provided for the toiling man and beast in the Deuteronomy code. The Dry movement is sweeping through the country because the American saloon is a place of debauch, vulgarity, degrading and wasteful of the resources of the toiler. The Dry movement does not necessarily mean total abstinence, though that may follow as a scientific corrollary, but it does say that the retail tippling shop is an interference with the rights of the community, a menace to the home. A man's right to debauch himself ends where the debauchery encroaches upon the rights of mother and children, of the neighborhood of the state.

A Day of Rest is a beneficent sociological institution and the saloons are closed on Sunday for the same excellent reason that they are closed on election days and similar holidays. The theory of the license is that the thing licensed is a menace to society and consequently must be restricted. The release from toil on a rest day gives added oportunity for debauchery, it greatly multiplies the temptations, hence society protects itself.

The Sunday Closing Law releases a great army of laborers from a seven day week of labor, and it paves the way for the release of a great army of capitalists, brewers and distillers who are engaged in a business that the twentieth century is pronouncing unwholesome, uncertain and increasingly dishonorable. The kindliest wish for the liquor dealer is to wish him well out of his business, and the kindliest help that can be offered him is to help him to change his business.

We extend the right hand to the saloon men and their associates and say, "Brothers, quit the waning business. Its respectability is declining as the profits are. The saloon is not in the line of the development of the home, the school or the State. It is a menace to individual wealth as it is to the commonwealth. Let us work together for the benefit of home, city and state on lines more worth while.

A PRAYER.

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me,
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be when I am weary
Just a little bit more cheery—
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver.
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother who is weaker.
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

Let me be a little sweeter—
Make my life a bit completer,
By doing what I should do,
Every minute of the day.
Let me toil without complaining,
Not a humble task disdaining;
Let me face the summons calmly
When death beckons me away.

Detroit Free Press.

THE PULPIT

The Lamb and the Lion

Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Sunday, September 26, 1915, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

Stenographically Reported by Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly

Prayer.

"Peace on earth, good will to men." May this be the refrain of all our prayers, the aim of all our endeavors, the aspiration of all our work, the consolation of all our defeats and disappointments.

Father, take us this morning and consecrate us to the message of love, the mission of harmony. Help us to read Thy message in the lurid clouds that overhang battlefields. Help us to hear Thy pleading voice in the cries and groans of Thy torn and battered children. Help us, above all, O Father, to believe in the Kingdom of Love as revealed to us in the broken homes of Thy unhappy children.

Father, may we accept the task at hand, hear the summons to duties near, feel the inspirations of the great opportunities, of the great open door that is before us, the open door of service, service to mind, service to heart. Help us to devote ourselves to the ministry of souls, the higher charities of the heart, the renovations of this community, of this city. Help us to apply ourselves to the redemption of our country, from the blindness of hate, the cowardice of physical fear, the disloyalty to Thee that places confidence in violence and faith in the protection of force. May we work as we worship, live as we profess, and practice what we preach. Amen.

The Sermon.

Without becoming entangled in the technical interpretation of the vastly complicated and mystical Book of Revelation, which has been the hunting ground of the fanatic, the home of the dogmatist, the charm of the poet through all these centuries, let the Lion in the verses read to you this morning stand as the symbol of force and the Lamb as the symbol of love. Let the Lion represent the power that has ever gathered around the wielders of the sword, the devotees of war. Let the Lamb stand for the power of kindness, reason and love.

The method of the Lion through history has been progress through opposition and hate; the methods of the Lamb throughout history have been those of gentleness, persuasiveness and patience.

I admit at the outset that at short range the Lion seems to occupy the foreground. In the short meter of history the destiny of individuals and nations seems to be in the hands of those who wield the sword, of those who represent force. The Lamb seems helpless in the presence of the Lion. The sneer and the sarcasm of the philosopher of force are justified; the Lamb finds his peace inside of the Lion after it is too late to cry. He has already been victimized. And still, after making these concessions and refusing to enter into the arena of the disputant, I claim that whenever history is measured by the long lines of the centuries, Fate, Providence,—call it what you will—ordains that the Lamb and not the Lion shall prevail. Time justifies the lover. Time rebukes the hater. Time vindicates gentleness and obliterates violence. The man with the sword always occupies the front of the stage, but the man of thought, of wit, of love, dimly seen in the background, holds the permanent place.

It is not my purpose to argue. I shall be content if I may state the premises by which the Lamb is justified of history and experience.

I wish to speak a word of introduction as to what I hope may prove to be a series of sermon-studies of the lovable things in history, to the end that we may ever love and never hate any of the great aggregations of human nature which take upon themselves national characteristics and efficiencies.

In the first place, biology goes to show that the Lamb and not the Lion is the end and aim of life on the globe. It is away down on the lower limbs of the biological tree that we come upon the terrible armored reptiles with their plated protection, horrible claws, fangs, tusks and horns, but with small brains and poorly developed nervous systems and a heart that is spread all along its anatomy. These animals are mostly extinct; their remains are preserved only in the pre-Adamic strata of geology. The armored reptiles, whose protection was brawn and not brain, are gone or going. Of the armored animals there now remain only the poor, sluggish, helpless crocodile, the alligator, the rhinoceros, and some other nearly extinct species crawling in the burning sands of tropic wastes. The wolf is being eliminated or transformed into the loving and loyal dog. The leopard is vanishing, being preserved only as the pet of children in the disarmed cat.

Botany points in the same way, the spined cactus, the formidable sand-burr, the aggressive thistle and the inadequate sumac, are only the pioneers; the briar and the brush of the jungle prepare the way for the green grass and the gracious trees. Nature is on the way to the plum and the apple tree, and when man, with brains, comes in, her progress is phenomenally rapid.

The same principal is borne out and justified in the individual experience of human life. Now we know that the unarmed man is the safer man. The armed man carries about with him added danger. The pistol in the hip pocket is a menace to the individual. Statistics show that it generally goes off at the wrong place at the wrong time and hits the wrong man; and, what is worse, it starts the other pistol, which also goes off at the wrong place, the wrong time and it hits the wrong man.

The truest husband, the kindest father, the noblest citizen, by universal consent, is he who is armored with kindness, whose weapons are those of gentleness, whose protections are the protections of grace.

The same is true of nations. The old militant powers strode through the centuries only to write with their own hands their eternal doom. They bargained for everlasting forgetfulness. The martial spirits of the ages, to continue my figure, have occupied the front of the stage, but in the long perspective of history they occupy unmarked graves, deep under the sand heaps of the Oriental world.

And what is true of nations is true of religions. The religions of hate, of selfishness, of favoritism, have for a time held in leash untold millions; but Moloch and Thor, and Mars, and all the other selfish gods that call forth the hate and prejudices of their devotees, are doomed.

One of Max Muellers's unique contributions to the study of religion was that noble essay in which he showed that only the missionary religion survives, and that the world is destined to come under the sway of the few great religions that have acquired a passion for humanity, that have learned the inspirations of service. History, not the fanaticism of the paci-

fists, establishes the fact that it was the gentle Buddha who not only made Asia mild, but saved Asia from herself. And he who triumphed on Calvary with the supreme testimony of Love,—"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do,"—is a conquering power in the world today. His message of love and tenderness, his patience with the weak, opened up Europe to civilization, and, slowly but surely, is conquering the waste lands in Asia and Africa.

We have come to the time where this argument is almost admitted, as far as individuals are concerned. Among individuals we profess, if we do not practice, that love is stronger than hate, that wit outweighs brawn, that reason and not violence is the final arbitrator of all quarrels.

But when we come to the problem of nations, with the intruding superstitions of commercialism, of patriotism, of misdirected journalism, confusing our judgments, we find Archbishops marching in militant uniforms, those who profess to be messengers and advocates of the Prince of Peace, praying to the God of love on Sunday and making ammunition in the basement rooms of their houses the rest of the week. We are told that the doctrine of love and peace is all very well for the individual, and that in some far off Utopian day it will do for nations, but that now we must not jeopardize the gospel of the Lamb by neglecting the potency of the Lion. This clamor for more armaments, for greater "national defence," represents an unmeasured and unmitigated cowardice. Great is the cowardice of the commercial world. Business is timid. The logic of barbarism still largely dominates the realm of trade. This distrust of love and peace is weakening the aspirations of many would-be educated men, advocates of civilization. They turn aside from the plea of the Lamb as expressed in the cry of the suffering and in the promises of the prophets, and take their vacations in training themselves in the art of destruction. Under the debilitating discipline of the camp, science reaches its maximum in its death-dealing efficiencies and deadly ingenuities while the grip of the soul on spiritual realities is slackened.

We glorify martyrs. We celebrate and perpetuate the story of individuals who for righteousness' sake have faced death, who have chanted their own requiem on their way to the gibbet and the pyre, who have sung amid flames and died crowned with the aureole of the triumphant spirit.

May there not be need of a martyr nation? May there not be a place for the patriotism that is so fine that patriots will say, "Let us die for the truth represented by the Lamb, rather than live on the levels of the Lion?"

I will not be stampeded from my faith in the potency and adequacy of love by any scare-stories of obliterated nations or of countries devastated by the hard hands of imperial powers. Let us, if grace is granted us, die as a nation on the high ground of peace rather than contribute to the length of our life by the methods of violence and the logic of expediency. The world has always needed individual witnesses to truth to their own cost. What the world now needs vastly more is national witnesses to truth at their own cost. It is for our nation, segregated by the wide oceans, relieved from the baleful manipulations of crowns and swords, freed from the awful handicaps of aristocracy, of class, and boasted "nobility" of birth,—the latest born of all great nations, for which all modern nations have been creamed, to make its democracy possible,—to heed the call of the Lamb though if need be it leads to our death.

Oh I know the sneer about the "sissy-man," the "mollycoddle," the "old woman in trousers," the "peace-at-any-price man." I accept the sneer, and am not intimidated by the ridicule. "Peace at any price?" Yes! Virtue at any price! Honesty at any price! Truth at any price! Now, as in the past, for nations as for individuals, there is no death to virtue. The virtues survive by a law of the universe.

See William Penn crossing the seas, leaving behind him all the trained habits and the skilled instruments of war, going to the wild man of the woods unarmed, scoring a triumph too little appreciated, writing a chapter in the progress of the race too little interpreted in our schools.

See Roger Williams, cast out by the dogmatic Puritanism, turned adrift in midwinter amid the inhospitable snows of unsettled Massachusetts, armed only with love, skilled only in the instruments of mind, rescuing the people that cast him out, protecting them from the armed force of wild men. He, unarmed and unprotected, goes out alone to meet these wild, mad men lusting for blood, ready with buldgeons and knives, eager for scalps. When they found that it was "Brother Williams," their indignation changed to joy and their hate was converted into love. Such are the unappreciated triumphs in our own history.

Emerson closes his beautiful essay on "courage" with a ballad written by some unknown woman in the West, based on experiences for the truth of which our philosopher vouches. It tells of the triumph of George Nidiver, who, with an Indian boy, found himself in one of the wild canyons of the Rockies pursued by two fierce grizzly bears, one of them scenting the boy, the other the man. Nidiver, the hunter, with but one bullet in his rifle, felled the boy's pursuer, and then, dropping his useless rifle, turned and faced the fierce beast of the Rockies, and waited. Soon the courage of the grizzly lessened, he slackened his pace, then turned away and sneaked back to the jungle. Nidiver conquered that wild beast through a courage that we know not how to name, and that we ourselves dare not practice.

Call the roll of the dead nations. Find one that has died from gentleness, that has been killed because it believed too much and trusted too much in the power of the gospel of love. It is easy to find those that have been overcome by might, that have perished from too much faith in brawn and not in brain. One of the subtle charms of history is that it shows how nations have survived their defeats and outlived their conquerors.

Before this season's preaching is over, I hope to call the roll of some of the submerged nations of history. Let the story of Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, Finland, Ireland, Wales and Scotland be told to show how absolutely invincible they were in their arms, but in their test how the conquerors accomplished their own defeat. But that is another story.

Now, let me try to keep to my theme. Browning wrote of the "Threatening Tyrant" who was maddened by the stubborn indifference of a "human mite" in his dominion. He could not be scared. He would not be intimidated. He tried to crush him by personal insult, by cruelty.

When at the last he had exhausted his ingenuity to

suppress and defeat or humiliate that proud spirit, the power that overrules tyrants, discounts conquerors and dethrones kings, became manifest. The man stood up and prayed. And the tyrant saw a mighty arm thrown athwart the blue sky protecting his subject, and it was the tyrant and not the subject that was afraid. This poem of Browning is vindicated in the history of the world.

It is a sad reflection upon the jurisprudence of the nations that the one word which expresses the administration of justice by law and order has become a word of disrepute. It is almost a reproach to call a man a "diplomat" or to speak of "diplomacy." It is an implication of cowardice when we say that a man resorts to "diplomacy." But diplomacy is the coming word in international affairs. More and more the world is being governed by the diplomat and not be the soldier. Diplomacy is still in its swaddling clothes. The ultimate appeal is to be made not to the soldier but to reason and judgment.

I found the other day an interesting sidelight on Lincoln, brought out in one of the recent books, showing how that great prophet heart, by following the lead of his gentle nature, unquestionably averted one more horrible conflict for our nation already sadly entangled in civil war. Some of us are old enough to remember our respect for William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, whose very appointment was a triumph of diplomacy in the United States. Seward was Lincoln's greatest rival. He accepted the cabinet position with pity if not contempt for his chief, expecting that much of the executive work would fall upon his shoulders through the incapacity of the man from Illinois. In one of the many delicate crises between the United States and England, William H. Seward wrote a bristling reply to an English document. It was charged with what some of the President's successors still call "Honor." Fortunately, the State document had to pass under the inspection of the President. These are some of the erasures, emendations and omissions of President Lincoln to the belligerent manifesto of the Secretary of State. Where Seward speaks of something as *"wrongful,"* Lincoln substituted the word "hurtful." Where Seward said *"No one of these proceedings will be borne by the United States,"* Lincoln said *"No one of these proceedings will pass unquestioned.* Where Seward said, *"When this act of intervention is distinctly performed, we from that hour shall cease to be friends and become once more, as we have twice been before, forced to be enemies of Great Britain."* And the great President scratched this bellicose sentence out entirely. Where Seward spoke of a "crime," Lincoln amended it to the word "error." These slight but significant changes, according to the judgment of the competent, saved the United States from a war with England, and, what is infinitely more and better, vindicated the higher method, rebuked the lower standards of "national honor" and "courtesy." Today we wait for the courage and wisdom of the diplomat that shall develop international courtesies, international appeals to justice, to reason and to love, and an international enforcement of these rulings.

Oh but this terrible alarm on the part of our brave business men and valiant politicians lest some morning we shall wake up and find the Japanese swarming on our western shore and German battleships in possession of New York harbor! They remind me of a pleasant story told of Lincoln when a lot of timid merchants called upon him and demanded better protection for New York harbor. The tired President, after reflection, said, "Well, gentlemen, if I had as much money as you are reported to have, and if I was as badly scared as you seem to be, I think I would go back and build a few battleships on my own hook, which you are free to do."

Tolstoy's great hope was that individual men, the citizens of his country, would become so devoted to the good of their country, so civilized,—should I say "Christianized"?—that they would refuse to lend themselves to any crowned heads for the destruction of the innocent. This was the great triumph of the Dukhobors whom Tolstoy befriended.

Ruskin discovered that the reason for respect for the soldier was not that he was a man of war and armed for destruction, but because back of his arms there was a man who was willing if need be to die for a cause, and it was Ruskin's high demand that the time would come when our merchants and our bankers and our preachers would, like the soldier, be willing to give their lives for a principle. There is no more emphatic demand in the decalogue of Moses or in the higher decalogue of Nature than that which says, "Thou shalt not kill!" Murder is murder, under whatever guise, and no illusions of war will make it otherwise. There are two ways in which a law may be observed. When I am summoned to kill, I can accept the penalty for disobedience. Hundreds of sheriffs in the United States have resigned their offices rather than lend themselves to the brutality of hanging a man. When men are sufficiently devoted that they will consent to be shot rather than consent to shoot, the triumph of the Lamb will begin to be realized.

Notwithstanding all the clamor and spite of the awful manifestations today, the trend of history has been away from war to the methods of peace. Alfred's great triumph was that he united the seven quarreling tribes in Southern England into one heptarchy. *United* Italy is a great triumph of modern civilization. There is a *United* Germany. The *Greater* Britain is beginning to recognize that the bonds which bind it to its far-off dependencies are not the rotten chains of power, but the golden links of love, a common intelligence, a common language, and, of course, a common humanity. The *United* States of America was woven out of once suspicious and belligerent States. The *United States of Europe* is well started, and the organized world is surely coming. Mrs. Browning saw from afar an English statesman who would stand up in Parliament and say of a certain measure, "It will advance our commercial strength, it will contribute to our wealth, but it will bring disaster and woe to a neighboring power, and so I am against it." "Then," said Mrs. Browning, with the prophetic soul of a woman, "and not till then, will our nation be glorious and her praise, instead of exploding from within, will be developed from without by world admirers."

Recently, while carrying the message of peace to Pennsylvania, I spent one bright, sunny day, with many other visitors, in riding over the battlefields of Gettysburg. I found the clematis in full bloom covering the *"Devil's Angle,"* which fifty years ago was

drenched in human blood. The place which attracted the most attention, the only place where I wanted to dismount from the automobile and stand upon the ground, was at Spangler's Spring, now protected by noble masonry. In the awful night after the second day's batle, while the great captains on both sides were in consultation during the wee, small hours, as to how best to carry on the deadly business the next day, Union and Confederate soldiers, the bleeding and exhausted victims of an awful day's carnage of hate, dragged dying men there for a drink, the mangled on both sides came there to wash away the clotted blood.

Verhaeren, the poet laureate of Belgium, in his book on "Belgium's Agony," says:

"You may say 'to hate is unchristian and wrong.' I agree with you. But must we not add that 'to hate is necessary?' There must be hatred in battle. The fighter who does not hate will fight feebly and be beaten."

This is the experience of Ernst Lissauer, the German poet, who has won such unenviable renown for his "Chant of Hate," which, we are told, is only a new interpretation of an old "Chant of Hate" against Austria.

You will we hate with a lasting hate,
We will never forego our hate,
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
Hate of seventy millions, choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
"England."

This is war at long range.

Against this we have the testimony of that sensitive man in the trenches, Fritz Kreisler, the accomplished violinist of Austria, who in four weeks passed from the proud warrior to the broken invalided officer. He says:

"It was there and then that I made a curious observation. After the second day we had almost grown to know each other. The Russians would laughingly call over to us, and the Austrians would answer. The salient feature of these three days, fighting was the extraordinary lack of hatred. In fact, it is astonishing how little actual hatred exists between fighting men. One fights fiercely and passionately, mass against mass, but as soon as the mass crystallizes itself into human individuals, whose features one actually can recognize, hatred almost ceases. Of course, fighting continues, but somehow it loses its fierceness and takes more the form of a sport, each side being eager to get the best of the other. One still shoots at his opponent, but almost regrets when he sees him drop."

The Lion claims the grim exterior, but the Lamb's plea reaches the heart even of belligerent men.

Civilization began when the hunter became a herder. It advanced when he gave way to the plowman, the farmer; again farther on when the farmer became a gardener, a florist. Nations began back there where might made right. According to the statistics of the world there are now seven hundred thousand ministers of the Christian religion, would-be interpreters of the Lamb that was sacrificed for the redemption of the world, whose "blood washes clean" the guilty, according to the theological figure. We are waiting for these ministers to help, not the "Prince," but the "peasant" of "peace," to bring the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God down to the brotherhood of man, a doctrine which will ripen into peace.

Much ingenuity has been expended in trying to find what the "seven seals" were that bound the book of destiny stood in this Revelation poem. For present purposes let us fancy that the seals stand for the seven great problems of our day—the temperance question, the labor problem, the woman question, the social evil, an escape from sectarianism in religion, partisanship in politics, and, most serious of all, the problem of international peace. All these seals are to be broken, not by violence but by love; not by force but by wit, and already enough has been accomplished by the gentle power of reason to justify the promise of the Revelator.

To recapitulate:

The Lamb represents the love forces of life, the Lion the brute forces. One leads by innocence, the other by prowess. In the short range interpretation the Lion has his way. In the long range of history the Lamb assumes leadership. On the lower limbs of the biological tree the armed animal, the fiercer brutes, the armored, horned, clawed and fanged creatures have been waging a losing battle in the world. They are well nigh extinct. The lion and the tiger are at home only in the far-away jungles of Africa and other out-of-the-way corners of the world not yet invaded by the wit of unarmed life. In the botanical world the briers are giving way to the vine and the thorns are being supplanted by the fir tree.

In the history of human life the conquests of the battlefield are short-lived. The triumphs of the militant are fleeting. The great "Powers" of antiquity, armed to the teeth, aquipped for war and reeking in blood are buried beneath the dust of oblivion. China, the pacific nation, has outlived all the "Powers" that were rampant in its youth, four thousand years ago. It is the conquered Greece, the humiliated Judea, the dismantled Jerusalem that still dominate the culture of the world.

Armament is a confession of weakness, a challenge to contest on brute lines. The unarmored man is invincible. For nineteen hundred years Peter has flourished his sword at the Gethsemane crises of history, but he who said, "Put up thy sword!" won his lasting triumph on Calvary. The world is witnessing at the present time an unanswerable demonstration of the imbecility of the Lion and it anxiously awaits one more triumph of the Lamb. The attempt to settle disputes, to advance the well-being of nations by the use of Lion weapons is once more caught in a frantic imbecility, almost a world-wide insanity. We rightly speak of Europe as "mad." Its sanity will return only when reason is born again out of love, symbolized by the unarmed but persistent Lamb.

The Lamb is destined to conquer the world. It is to confute the man of the sword with gentleness. Those who would contribute to the defense of this nation will do well to abandon the field of Mars and cultivate instead Athena, the goddess of Wisdom, whose children are philosophy, science, art, and above all, religion, whose conquering word is justice, whose kingdom includes all humanity, and whose countersign, which will serve in the darkest night of war and hatred, is "BROTHERHOOD!"

Comfort us, O Father, with the consolations of service. Strengthen us, O Father, with the inspirations of usefulness. Guide us, Father, in the way of helpfulness that we may find the way of love, the path that leads to Thee, now and forever more. Amen.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion

The New Testament

Being the Fifth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his Class at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXXII.

Final Review

In our thirty-two lessons on the New Testament several facts have become quite apparent, some of them interesting only to scholars, others very important to the spiritual life of the student. We find, in the first place, that the New Testament is not a book, has none of the characteristics of a book, except in the stitching of the bookbinder. We have instead a shelf out of the library of religious literature, an assemblage of books, twenty-seven or more different units, written at different times, by different authors and for different purposes. We have here a collection of tracts for the times, written in the first and second centuries of the Christian era, largely by unknown people, at unknown dates, except as they can be inferred by careful, scientific analyses. These writings were called into being to meet exigencies and emergencies then existing. Most of these writings are anonymous, the exception being the six or seven letters of Paul, and the authorship of some of these also not being sure.

We find that the fountain head of the inspiration of the New Testament, the central source of this creative dream, was dead and buried twenty years in round numbers before we have a scrap of literature, and that scrap not, as commonly assumed, the biographies that appear in the beginning of the collection, but the intensely local and timely letters of Paul. Perhaps the earliest writing is Paul's letter to the Galatians, which disputes its priority with his first letter to the Thessalonians.

At the end of the third decade, after the death of Christ, we find this flaming missionary far away in Asia Minor, writing these hot letters to his friends the Galatians, two letters to the Thessalonians, two to the Corinthians and the Epistle to the Romans,—if we include it,—making the first literature we have of the Christian movement. Some ten to thirty years later Paul's missionary work ripened into another group, less authentic if we accept the conclusions of the most respected and responsible students. My tools in these studies have been created by so called orthodox men, such as Professor Bacon of Yale Theological School, Congregational, Drs. Briggs and McGiffert of the Presbyterian body, and Professor Nash of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, Cambridge.

Twenty years, perhaps, after Paul disappears, at a time when dates were fading, eye witnesses dying, nothing left in the way of tangible sources of information concerning the life of the Nazarene, these biographies grew, three of them so tied together by common material and common interest that we call them Synoptics. Mark comes first in order, then Matthew, and Luke third, John appearing perhaps seventy-five or a hundred years later. Of course not one of these biographies bear the name of the author. "According to Mark," etc., which you read at the head of your chapters, having been affixed centuries later.

The author of Mark, the earliest writer, had to resort to a first lost group of sayings of Jesus, the "Logia." He tried to put on record what he knew and had heard of "the Christ," writing probably for the Gentile world, he himself possibly a Gentile. Matthew, the next compiler, was a Jew. He wrote from the standpoint of a Jew, He was impressed with the idea that Jesus came in the fullness of time to fulfill the Messianic hope. Luke was clearly a Gentile. He wrote for the Roman world. He was the most scholarly of the three. He evidently had access to the Mark and Logia material, but probably not of the Matthew material. Luke is the richest in a literary way. It is most valuable because of its rich collection of the great parables, which represent the most original, unique and valuable remains we have of the teachings of the Nazarene.

The biography ascribed to John comes in so late that he represents quite another point of view. It was written by some one who had been touched with the theosophic tendencies of Alexandria. He is a New Testament successor to Philo, the learned Jew who lived half a century before Jesus was born. Philo was a loving student of Greek literature. He undertook to reconcile the teaching of Plato and Moses, to interpret them in such a way that one would support the other. John represents that tendency which had already transformed the Carpenter's son into a mystic emanation of the Divine, a representative, a superhuman, supernatural messenger from the Divine.

After the great letters of Paul and the biographies, the New Testament in a literary way dwindled out. The writings became less vigorous, less virile and less important, but still very interesting, because written for the need and the exigencies of the new movement.

The least personal, least historical book is the condensed little "ethical culture tract" of James, written in scholarly Greek. The first deliberate attempt at history is represented by the book of Acts, probably not written until the early part of the second century.

The Pastoral Epistles of Timothy and Titus were written to workers, as tracts of the new movement. Then we have the group of Johannine books, the Gospel of John and the three Epistles. The latter represented the flotsam and jetsam that have survived the vicissitudes of history, curious and interesting contributions.

Lastly we have the mystical, strange book that is the favorite battle ground of fanatics and dreamers. In the Apocalypse there is no trace of history. You will get into trouble if you try to get philosophy out of it, but it is a poetical rhapsody, an attempt perhaps to interpret the very unwelcome facts of that day in such a mystical way that the writer could not be hung for it. This book has always challenged the student of mystical literature. It is in line with the dream of the prophet Ezekiel and Daniel's mystical interpretation of history.

To those who have believed that the New Testament contained the final words necessary to the salvation of the soul, the result of our study has been to disillusionize. It may have robbed life of its spiritual atmosphere, denuded religion of its imperative

power. But if our work has enabled you to read your New Testament with new interest, if you have glimpsed the intangible potency of it, you will see the two great things, two influences projected and injected into the world by the Man of Nazareth.

First, an interpretation of religion that led the devout from the tyrannies of forms and ceremonies, a non-priestly appeal to the spiritual life. Whatever else Jesus taught, he minimized the priestly, liturgical ceremonial element. He did go to the Temple, but in an independent way, and when he read the scripture,

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

he stopped at a comma. If he had continued to a period, it would have ended,

"and the day of vengeane of our God,"

That did not represent his purpose.

Secondly, his purpose was to release men from race prejudice, race limitation. Although himself a Jew he gave an impulse that over-reached the Jewish boundaries, as exemplified in the stories of the Woman at the Well and of The Good Samaritan.

These two things, which received their initial impulse from the man of Nazareth, were caught up by Paul as great inspirations. They led him to withstand Peter's sectarianism and to declare that this new Gospel was for Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond and free.

I fear we do not adequately measure the contribution of Paul to Christianity. You cannot account for Christianity until you hypothecate the two fountain heads, Jesus and Paul. The mere declaration of the principles of Jesus and his personal life could not have conquered Europe. Paul furnished the flaming organizing power, his unconscious potency within, was the conquering force.

In this book, inadequate and broken as it is, we discover we have a spiritual treasure house of high maxims, great principles, and, what is more, hints of great personalities.

The personality of Jesus as well as the movement can be best understood when studied comparatively. In the large experience of history the story of Christianity would be almost incredible if we did not put its central figure along side of his fellows. The story of Buddha seems to us very thin, inefficient, perhaps childish compared with the story of Jesus. But we must remember that we are spiritual children of the New Testament. We have traditions of this inspiration in our blood while we are very far removed from the inheritance of Buddha. As a matter of fact perhaps more people bow in reverence to the name of Buddha today than to that of Jesus. As a matter of fact Buddha's message, whatever it was or however delivered, did break down the dividing lines of sect and race perhaps more effectively than Christianity has, only that for us it is not so easily traceable to the Buddha. Christianity fortunately came into the stream of European energy, not yet exhausted, joined forces with Greek culture and Greek philosophy, and it was that combination that mastered Europe and tamed it.

(1) Which of the books of the New Testament can claim an established authorship?
(2) Which were the earliest written?
(3) Which of the Gospels is considered the richest from a literary standpoint?
(4) What was Jesus' great message to the world?
(5) What was Paul's place in the early Christian movement?

THE BOOK LOVER

The Single Hound

Once upon a time—or, to tell the fact, between 1830 and 1886—there lived in New England one of the strangest, sweetest, most baffling of women that ever wandered out of fairyland. Her name was Emily Dickinson. She was not daily bread, as one who knew her said. She was stardust. Of fairy lineage, she was lightning and fragrance all mixed up with a smile. How such a winged being ever lived in the solemn air of the valley of the Connecticut, is more than I can make out.

'Tis a wonder to me those old Puritans did not burn Emily for a witch, for she was most bewitching, a poet of airy, eerie fancy, a seer of piercing insight—called by a famous critic "the greatest mystic America has produced, second only to Emerson." How she would laugh at that remark; she who was "the confederate of every contraband desire," the very genius of the Never, Never Land. Wild, wilful, fascinating, she was surely half elf, half angel, yet in all ways a woman, and in nowise akin to the weird recluse eating her heart out in morbid and unhappy longing, as the college teachers still tell us.

No, she was in fact ridiculously happy—albeit reminding us of Emily Bronte, but without her grim, titanic gloom. If her life is half a myth, it must needs be so to be true to the fact, so elusive was she, so tantalizing, and withal so oddly wise and deep-seeing. To live, she said, is so startling it leaves but little room for other occupations. Yet she had time to write bits of verse as fragile as thistledown, as surprising as a dream come true, as lambent as meteors cleaving the night. These she jotted down on any chance slip of paper, and sent, on the sly, to her sister-in-law who lived the width of a green lawn away.

After many years, and not without long pondering, her niece has gathered those flying bits of haunting song into as dainty a book of verse as ever was made, entitled, "The Single Hound." She offers her little volume as a memorial to the love of those "dear, dead women," with a preface that might have been written by the spirit of Emily herself sitting on a star and using sky-blue for ink—as when she wrote:

"Adventure most unto itself
The Soul condemned to be;
Attended by a Single Hound—
Its own Identity."

Fascination was her element. Lovers came betimes, and more than once, and as often found themselves bewildered beggars about a throne. For courting Emily was like courting a Fairy with a stroke of lightning in her hand—sparking, in very truth. Of once she said, he had the facts but not the phosphorescence of learning. Of another, that his face was as handsome and meaningless as the full moon. One might as well try to marry the aurora borealis or the morning star, as to capture one so richly com-

panioned by her own spirit and whose life was a game of hide and seek with God. As we may read:

"There is a solitude of space,
A solitude of sea,
A solitude of death, but these
Society shall be,
Compared with that profounder site,
That polar privacy,
A soul admitted to Itself:
Finite Infinity."

No doubt it was this "other loneliness," not occasioned by want, or friend, or lot, that led her to keep her verse out of print during her life. Shy as a wild bird, aloof but never alone, yet was she lovable, as sweet of humor as she was keen of wit, the while she played with children to whom she seemed akin, or flitting like a shadow upon the hillside, "a motion known to no other mortal." What wonder that the life of bee, bird, flower, hill, cloud, wind, and sun is in her verse—as when she said,

"The winds she said
Like hungry dogs
Defeated of a bone"—

with such exquisite and intense identification with nature that even Thoreau might rub his eyes and wonder. She saw the other side of the visible world, but she objected to those who "talk of sacred things aloud and embarrass my dog."

Her lines of verse, like her letters, show that she thought obliquely, but fearlessly, much as Meredith did. "If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off," she said, "I know that is poetry." And so one feels as he reads her poems. For this most happy of beings, so wittily wise and daring, was never able to disengage herself from that "eternal preoccupation with death" which thralled her, so that the "overtakelessness" of those who had accomplished it seemed to her more majestic than all the majesties of earth. She had no fear of Death, but only wonder, for she knew that

"To die, is not to go
On Doom's consummate chart
No territory new is staked,
Remain thou as thou art."

Yet the next moment she would be talking of her loves—literary, Platonic, Plutonic—with a smile like a sunny morning, so swift, so provoking were her moods that concealed so much and revealed so little. For the rest, I must refer my readers to this tiny book in a white dress, compounded of insights and impertinences, reverences and fantastic blasphemies, as unlike any other book on earth as the woman who wrote it was unlike any other mortal that ever lived. It is a tonic. It jerks the kinks out of our thinking. It startles by its blend of levity and profundity. And there are lines that drop a plummet into the uttermost depths of these strange souls that dwell in clay:

"To this apartment deep
No ribaldry may creep,
Untroubled this abode
By any man but God."

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

Extract from a Private Letter

Returned to Boston, I have been reading back files of UNITY, and have found them very interesting, especially as regards your editorial utterances concerning war and peace, and the responses which you get. What a lack of breadth, tolerance and fair play those answers disclose! Some of us who are old enough remember the terrible uncharity which we felt towards the people of the South and their sympathizers in the North, during the Civil War. We simply could not see any good in them; they were all traitors, enemies of the Republic and of human rights. We have learned better since then, but it has been a long development. It seems to me the feeling grows even more intense, and those who have the misfortune of bearing a German name are special subjects of criticism, from both the German and Allied sides, if they refuse to become partisans but judge impartially of the great issues which are presented to us.

This is not intended for publication, but simply an expression of my personal feeling in regard to your own position. I confess you go farther than I do as a pacifist, for I believe war to be sometimes inevitable, and hence necessary, in the present state of human society.

As for the manufacture of munitions and their sales to belligerent nations, I deem it to be a crime against humanity and a fundamental breach of morality.

SHADE.

The kindliest thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is shade.

His glorious company of trees
Throw out their mantles, and on these
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.

Green temples, closed against the beat
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.

The white road blisters in the sun;
Now, half the weary journey done,
Enter and rest, O weary One!

And feel the dew of dawn still wet
Beneath thy feet, and so forget
The burning highway's ache and fret.

This is God's hospitality,
And whoso rests beneath a tree
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.

Everybody's Magazine. —*Theodosia Garrison.*

FIREFLIES.

The fireflies across the dusk
Are flashing signals through the gloom—
Courageous messengers of light
That dare immensities of doom.

About the seeding meadow-grass,
Like busy watchmen in the street,
They come and go, they turn and pass,
To light the paths for Beauty's feet.

Or up they float on viewless wings
To twinkle high among the trees,
And rival with soft glimmerings
The shining of the Pleiades.

The stars that wheel above the hill
Are not more wonderful to see,
Nor the great task that they fulfill
More needed in eternity.

—*Bliss Carman.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE VOICE OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES.

(*Continued*)

Strongly pro-Ally views are expressed by the editor of the Cleveland *Polonia w Ameryce*, who describes Germany as "a cancerous growth on the life of Europe." Similar mordant expressions are used by two Wisconsin Polish papers, the *Rolnik* and the *Gwiazda Polarna*. The Pittsburg *Wielkopolanin* hopes for the victory of the Allies, as "we feel that German *Kultur* ill befits non-German characters. A people of strong individualism such as the Poles could never be happy because they would never feel free under a system such as the German Empire maintains." The oldest Polish daily in America, the Milwaukee *Kuryer Polski*, says that its readers "are overwhelmingly in favor of a victory for the Triple, now Quadruple, Entente." The editor of the Sunday edition writes:

"This publication is in touch with Poland and received numerous communications from private correspondents in addition to exchange-newspapers. It appears that the preponderance of opinion in all parts of the whole Polish territory favors the Allies, and so does the preponderance of opinion among the Poles in America. The reconstruction of Poland as proposed by the Germanic Powers would never be accepted by the Polish nation as a final solution of the question. . . . The program advocated by the Entente, namely, the unification of the entire territory of old Poland, with full autonomy, is the only reasonable, just, and sensible solution, the only permanent solution of the Polish question."

The most characteristic, and at first sight paradoxical, Polish view comes from the Cleveland *Narodowiec*:

"If Russia, Germany and Austria were all on one side and the rest of the world on the other, the Poles would certainly feel and act with the rest of the world. They did so feel and act during the Napoleonic wars. . . . To be clear, I can only state my sympathies in the following words: 'I wish Russia crushed and dismembered by Austria, Germany, and Turkey, and I also wish Germany to be beaten and justly dealt with by France, England, and anybody else that may yet join in the game.' This would seem absurd if said by a member of any other nation, but it is only logical in the mouth of a Pole. . . . I do not give a broken penny for all possible promises and manifestoes of any Grand Duke, or even of the Czar himself. I know Russia, and so does all Europe. On the other hand, a complete victory by Germany would put all Poland in danger of a slow but certain and effective Germanization. . . . The world has no use for political giants, or let us say monsters, such as Russia and Germany. Both ought to be made smaller, to be trimmed down to average measure, without doing violence to the national feelings of either the German or the Russian peoples. This can be done by making them disgorge what is neither Russian nor Prussian, *i. e.*, making them give up Polish territory, which they seized and annexed against the will of the Polish people and against the best interests of the whole civilized world."

The editor of the Scranton *Straz* refuses to commit his paper to any view whatever, but states that his personal opinion is that the Poles will serve Poland's best interests by trusting to German and Austrian assurances, and continues:

"Today Russia is beaten. She is on Polish soil no longer. Austria and Germany admit the heroism of the Polish legions. They promise to give Poland freedom, promise to give her a king. I believe that these are no mere promises, but that Poland will soon be free."

Bohemia once again a free and independent kingdom is the dream of Czech patriotism, and the following expression from the editor of the Omaha, Neb., *Osveta Americka* is a typical utterance:

"We, the Bohemians living in free and glorious America, having the liberty to express ourselves without fear of the gallows like our brethren in the heart of Europe, wish sincerely that the Allies may win. That would mean the downfall of Austria and the birth of a new Bohemia, once again a free and glorious nation as she was before the Hapsburg dynasty trottled her. Such a result we can never expect from the Teutonic allies."

The *Svet* (Cleveland, Ohio) analyzes the percentage of pro-Ally sympathizers among the Bohemians by saying:

"We Bohemians outside the borders of Austria, with which the land of our birth is unfortunately connected under the miserable dynasty of the Hapsburgs, lean openly by at least 90 per cent. to the side of the Allies. If we can correctly judge the guarded communications—guarded on account of the savage censorship of Austria—we can express the wishes of our people in Bohemia for the victory of the Allies."

The following question is asked by the *Svazu Cesko Americkych Zurnalistu*, of New York:

"Why should the Bohemians, who are Slavic to the core, take the side of a ruler whose policy was always outspokenly anti-Slavic, who fills the jails with 'loyal subjects' and sends patriots to the gallows? Upon every opportunity the Teutonic press try to make it appear that the Bohemians are enthusiastic for the war and devoted to the reigning emperor. Quite the contrary is the truth."

The views of a hundred thousand Bohemians in Texas are expressed by two of their papers, the *Svoboda*, of La Grange, and the *Westski Noviny*, of West, both of which assure us that the sympathies of their readers are overwhelmingly on the side of the Allies. Similar expressions come from the *Hlasatel*, of Chicago, the *St. Louiske Listy*, the Omaha *Bratrsky Vestnik*, the daily *Bohemian American*, of Cleveland, Ohio, the Chicago daily *Denni Hlasatel*, and the New York *Hlasalibu*. The nearest approach to any kindly feeling for the Teutonic Powers comes from the editor of the Chicago *Nove Smery*, who says:

"From the standpoint of humanity neither I or any other intelligent Slav wishes to have the German nation destroyed, but for the same reason everybody who stands for humanity must wish that this German Moloch of Militarism, which for decades has menaced the whole of Europe, should be crushed, for then only the nations of Europe, be they great or small, can enjoy the golden rays of liberty."

Turning to the Southern Slavic nations, we find strong pro-Ally sympathies, mainly, it seems, on account of the blood-relationship between these people and the Servians. As regards Croatian views, the editor of the Pittsburg *Urednictvo Zajednicara* tells us that—

"In the United States, twenty-two papers and periodicals are published in the Croatian language. One daily, four weeklies, and a monthly favor the Austro-German cause. On the other hand, two dailies, nine weeklies, one semi-monthly, and one monthly support the Allies. It is noteworthy that three of the four pro-Austrian weeklies have been started since the outbreak of the war. One of these is published by the same people who issue a pro-Austrian daily, while the source of support of the others does not need any special mention in view of recent ambassadorial activities."

We have been able to obtain only one

decided expression of sympathy with the Teutonic cause from a Croatian paper, the Duluth, Minn., *Radnicka Obrana,* whose editor says:

"My readers are in sympathy with the Austro-Germans, that is, about 95 per cent. of them. I feel the same way as they do and believe sincerely that the Germans will be victorious in the end."

From the Socialistic Chicago *Radnicka Straza* we learn that—

"It is needless to say that the majority of the so-called South Slavic people—Croatians, Servians, Slavonians—sympathize with the Allies. There are a few, however, who are inclined to the cause of Germany and Austria, and among them must be included some immigrants from Dalmatia, who fear that their country might become an Italian province."

The Chicago *Jugoslavia* says:

"Within the last month public meetings have been held by the South Slavic peoples in every large city in this country. At every one of these meetings, without a dissenting voice, resolutions have been adopted in which confidence was expressed in the justice of the Servian cause, and also desire for the union of all the South Slavic people with Servia. This, better than anything else, shows the results of Austrian culture and civilization."

Another Chicago editor is exceedingly irate that a Croatian subsidized press should exist in this country, and as the publisher of the daily *Hrvatska Zastava* thus expresses his views:

"We Croatian people side with the Allies, who to the best of our knowledge are fighting for the maintenance of democratic principles and for the liberty of the small and oppressed nations which as yet have been denied the right of self-government. There are, however, some of my countrymen, I am sorry to state, who are leaning toward the side of Austria, but this is easily explained by the total ignorance in which they have been kept at home by the Government for exactly such a purpose. These unfortunates are under the influence of a few blushless papers printed in Croatian, which take the part of Austria for the obvious reason that Austrian money counted more with their publishers than national honor and the outlook into a brighter and happier future for over ten million of our South Slavic people."

Equally emphatic is the editor of the Pittsburg *Croatian Herald,* whose views run:

"As a man, as a mere human being, I am bound to sympathize with all people who are oppressed. It is therefore impossible for me to sympathize with the Germans, who are oppressing the Poles in Germany, the French in Alsace-Lorraine, the Bohemians, Slovaks, Roumanians, Croats, Slovenes, and Servians in Austria-Hungary. It is quite impossible to sympathize with a nation who showed its *Kultur* in the way the Germans have done in Belgium and Servia, and, despite their *Kultur,* support the unspeakable Turks."

The Clovaks, like the Bohemians, their nearest neighbors, are unanimously anti-Austrian, and their view-point is somewhat naively expressed by the editor of the New York *Slovensky Sokol,* who says:

"We sympathize with the Allies, with France, because she extended a refuge to Polish immigrants in the darkest hour of Poland's history; with England, whose liberal constitution is for us an ideal; with Russia and Servia because they are our nearest Slav brothers. We know that Magyars and Germans are in fear of Russian barbarism, but we Slovaks have no reason to fear it, because we are living under worse conditions than ever existed in Finland or Poland. The Russians do not suppress cleverly. and the whole world knows whenever the commit an oppression. But the Austrian, and especially the Hungarian Parliament, make laws which look on the surface progressive and liberal, but which in reality are forceful weapons for oppressing subject-races. Official Hungary forced one-third of the entire Slovak population to emigrate to the United States, thinking by this means to weaken the Slovaks at home, but we have organized and educated ourselves here, and this has not only substantially raised the tone of Slovaks at home, but has carried the American spirit back there."

The official organ of the National Slovak Society, to which the editor of the *Slovensky Sokol* refers when speaking of national organization, is the Pittsburg *Národné Noviny,* which writes:

"Austria-Hungary has always held the doctrine that the Slavic nations within her borders must be kept in rigid subjection, and right now during this war she is paying heavily for that fatal mistake. It is true that they forced Slovaks, Czechs, Croatians, Slovenes, and Servians into the front ranks of the battle, but it is also an undeniable fact that the failure of the Austrians in their first Servian campaign was mainly due to the fact that these Slavic soldiers, slaves of a system which they despise, fought only as long as they had to and at the first opportunity surrendered. . . . The sympathies of the Slovaks are with the Quadruple Entente, and we hope for a victorious outcome of this war in their favor in the interests of justice, humanity, progress, truth, and civilization."

None of the papers published in this country by members of races living under the rule of the Ottoman Empire display the least sympathy with the Turkish Power. The Armenians tell us that they are looking to the victory of the Allies in this war to free them from their "age-long martyrdom" in the hands of the Turks. The Providence *Bahag,* for example, writes:

"All of *Bahag's* readers cherish in their hearts hopes of the final victory for the Allies, because they fight for the common freedom of all small nations, all these small nations now persecuted at the hands of the big militaristic empires."

—*Literary Digest.*

(To be continued.)

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